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THE RIPLEY ADVERTISER J. F. FORD.

TERMS:—The ADVERTISER will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$2 50, in advance in every instance. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square, [ten lines or less] for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. Announcing candidates for office—ten for State and five for County—invariably in advance. The CASH will be required for all Job work when delivered—this rule will be strictly observed. Letters addressed to this office on business, must be post paid, or they might not be attended to. Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions on the margin, or they will be continued until ordered out, an charge accordingly.

THE WIDOW.

This story is from the *Zidig of Voltair*. One day Zidig's wife Azora returned from a walk, swelling with rage. "What is the matter my dear?" said Zidig, "what can have happened to put you so besides yourself?" "Alas!" said she, "you would be as in a dream as I am, if you had only seen what I have witnessed. I went to console the young widow Cosron, who not long since erected a tomb to her husband near the brook which flows through yonder meadow, and vowed to the gods to remain at the tomb so long as the waters of the stream should flow by it." "There is an estimable woman for you!" said Zidig; "she sincerely loved her husband!" "Alas!" replied Azora; "if you only knew what she was doing when I visited her!" "Well, what?" said Zidig. "She was laboring to turn the stream!" Azora was so vehement in her condemnation of the young widow's conduct, and overwhelmed her with so many hard names, that Zidig was displeased with so great a parade of virtue. He had a friend named Cador, who was one of those young men whom his wife thought better behaved and more moral than most others. "The uncle, him his confidence, and promised him a large sum if his plan succeeded." When Azora, who has been passing a day or two at the house of a relation, returned to town, the servant in tears announced to her that her husband had died suddenly the night before, and had been buried that morning in the tomb of his ancestors at the bottom of the garden. She raved, tore her hair, and called the gods to witness that she would not survive him. That evening Cador asked permission to see her, and they went together. The next day they shed fewer tears, and dined together. Cador had informed her that his friend had left him the greatest part of his property, and hinted that it would be his greatest happiness to share it with her. The lady wept, grew angry, but allowed herself to be appeased. The conversation became more confidential. Azora praised the father, but confessed that he had many faults from which Cador was exempt. In the midst of the supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his liver. The anxious lady rang for her essences, thinking that perhaps one among them might be good for the liver complaint. She regretted deeply that the Hermines was no longer at Babylon, she even deigned to touch the side where Cador experienced such intense pain. "Are you subject to this cruel complaint?" said she, compassionately. "It sometimes nearly kills me," replied Cador, "and there is only one remedy which soothes it, and that is to apply on my side the nose of a man who died the day before." "That is a strange remedy!" said Azora. "Not so strange," he answered as Dr. Arnault's apoplexy-bags." This reason, and the great merit of the young man, decided Azora. "After all," said she, "when my husband passes from the world, yesterday to the world of tomorrow over the bridge Tchinarav, the angel Asrael will not refuse to admit him because his nose is a little shorter than the first." So taking the razor in her hand, she went to the tomb of her husband, bathed it with her tears, and approached to cut off his nose with one hand, and seizing the razor with the other, "Madam!" he cried, "say no more against the widow Cosron! The idea of cutting off my nose is quite equal to that of turning a water-course!" "The most of us, alas! are always hypo-

crites, but never so much as when we bring our grief before the eyes of the world." [Knickerbocker.]

From the Memphis Enquirer of the 13th CONGRESS.

Our dates are up to the 3rd. The most important item of general interest is the vote of the House upon a resolution offered by Mr. Rhet of S. C., instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill reducing all duties over 30 per cent., to that amount, and in two years to 20 per cent., with discrimination only in favor of revenue. The vote was 57 ayes, 112 noes. A resolution offered by Mr. Black of Ga., instructing the same committee to enquire into the expediency of revising the present tariff and of establishing a tariff for revenue only, was negatived by a vote of 83 to 84. These are Calhoun demonstrations to test the sincerity of locofoco professions in favor of "free trade." In the Senate on the 2d, Mr. Merrick of Md., in presenting a petition in favor of a reduction of postage, remarked that it was now obvious the Post Office Department must lose its revenue, or the rate of postage must be so reduced that private express could not come in competition with it. In a short Executive Session the appointments of Mr. Upshur, as Secretary of State, and Mr. Nelson as Attorney General, were confirmed. The Jackson fine engrossed the attention of the House, sitting in committee of the whole. Mr. Barnard open in an able speech, consuming his entire hour. It was very superior every way, and will be published. He was very severe upon Gen. Jackson, and fully vindicated the character of Judge Hall against the slanders of the party. Mr. Dowson of Louisiana, replied in a speech of considerable length, in the strain of the pure man worshiper, followed by Mr. Kennedy, of Indiana, on the same side. Mr. Grider, of Kentucky, distinguished himself against the bill, followed by Mr. Dean in favor, when Mr. Peyton, of Tennessee, gave the locofoco a most severe exhortation. The debate upon this matter promises to be interminable.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married—as the world says—well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture, and their splendid arrangement for happiness, and they have gone away and committed the a to their sunny hopes cheerfully without fear. It is natural for the young to be sanguine, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings, I love to get unobserved in a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in the pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa, as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes and murmur in love tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearment of wedded life, will make even that parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each others quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now, at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his arms, I can feel the very tide flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowing beauty. I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripen into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and her same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her; and children are growing up about them, and go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die. I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself, and if ever I yield to darker feelings, it is because the

light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not, minutely, now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them, as they glide by, joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with her jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on for a while, undecieved. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband, first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. Then comes long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by and by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their lover and friend could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had, ever a fellowship of mind—the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held him with a stern companionship—and often, in his passionate love, will break away from the arena of his burning ambition to come to listen to the voice of the charmer. It will bewilder him at first, but it will not be long, and then think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to equal communication? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance the animated themes of men, and the search into the mysteries of knowledge! Oh! no, lady!—believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such high fevers! Credit not the old fashioned absurdity, that woman's is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny that I would award you. If your immortality is a complete and your gift of mind is as capable as ours, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's allotment. I would charge to water the undying bud, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun, and then you may hope that when your life is bound with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest.

Bear fight of Texas.—During our rambles of the past summer, we were seated one sultry afternoon, with our friend P—, who resides on Texas, in this parish, engaged in discussing various matters in the backwoods sporting line—hunting, fishing, &c., in all their varieties;—while thus whiling away the time, an old and favorite servant of his, came to the gallery and asked the loan of his yanger, for the purpose of killing deer. The old fellow "poke so confident of 'doing the thing,' that we asked why he was so certain of success?

"Why, loss a bless you master, jist as certain as dat gun is pinter at de deer, da is bound to come; and dis one dat I is arter, uses 'bout de corner of de corn field, and I sees him every day when I goes arter de cattle."

The gun was handed him, and off he started; as point specified by him was in hearing of the house, we waited impatiently for the report of the yanger, an hour—and another passed—when we were startled by the loud hallooing of Tony, and proceeded at once toward the point fixed upon for the slaughter of the deer. On nearing the scene of action, we met him returning in a most woful plight, his clothes torn to shreds, his face scratched, and his whole person besprinkled with mud and blood. "Halloo! Tony, what's the matter?"—"Eh! eh master. I got used up dat time—I met a monstrous big black bear, jist round de corner da, he looked at me mighty savage; he riz on me and stood upon his hind legs, so much like a nigger, dat I was afraid to shoot—eh, but I was scared and couldn't shoot; he pitched right into me, and so I tuk de gun and give it to him right over the head—and we fit and fit till he got me down, and I thought I was a gone case—he squeeze

me so tight dat my breff was most done, and when I holloed dat last time, I gin out."

It seems that about the time of that last "holloed," another of the negroes made his appearance and rescued Tony from his "fix." The yanger was so bent and battered—having rather a light barrel, that it was rendered for a time entirely useless. Old Tony swears vengeance against "bar," of all ages, sizes, sexes, and conditions, and declares that they "shan't cum de nigger over him de next time."—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

Impudence and folly extraordinary.—That compound of stupidity and impertinence. Mr. John Jones, of the Madisonian, the fit organ of Capt. Tyler's administration, issued an extra the other day, which he laid on the table of the members of Congress, in which "not only War with Mexico conceived of but War with Great Britain to help it out." Mr. Jones calls on Congress to be on their guard. He says he has "reason to believe that the editor of the National Intelligencer is opposed to a rupture with Great Britain under almost any circumstances. He says the discussion of the annexation of Texas in the Madisonian, produced the threat of Mexico against the United States, referred to in the President's Message; and he concluded that the slightest agitation of the subject in Congress will produce a war."

Of all the fools and asses that ever brayed in this land, Mr. John Jones, of the Madisonian, Capt. Tyler's official organ, is decidedly the most assinine. He is precisely the fit thing to be Capt. Tyler's organ—like master like man.

[Commonwealth.]

Mr. Calhoun and the Presidency.—We copied a short time since a Washington letter from the Richmond Enquirer, in which it was distinctly stated the Calhounites, in the Locofoco caucus at Washington, declared they had no expectation he would be nominated—and added that the rumors pointed to his being withdrawn from the canvass. The letter in the Enquirer was followed up by an announcement in other Van Buren papers to the same effect.

The Calhoun papers deny that there is any truth in the rumors. The Washington Spectator of this morning, remarks as follows:

At all events, we feel authorised in saying to those who have been so busy in circulating the rumor, or in adopting the opinion, that the friends of the great Southern statesman have, or intended to withdraw him from the field of selection, they most sadly deceived themselves. His friends act upon high and controlling principles and great measures, in supporting him; and until these are settled, and settled satisfactorily, they do not intend to yield friend or foe.

It is perhaps as well for the Spectator to talk in this way, but it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that Mr. Calhoun will not be nominated by the Locofoco Convention—and that seeing how submissive the Calhounites are in Congress were to the behests of the Van Buren caucus, they will not hesitate to "yield" to the requirements of the National Convention. They may effect independence, and talk of "principles" and "great measures"—but not having shown independence in circumstances requiring it, it will not be found difficult for them to affect "satisfaction" at the settlement of these "principles" and "measures" as they shall be made by the Van Burenites, and yield up everything as they have already done in Congress—Balt. Pat.

SYSTEMATIC PARSING.—Dick, parse Jeemes kisses the girls."

"Yeth'm. Jeemes is a singular active transitive verb, placed in a particular connection with a pretty girl, for the inference is that Jeemes would kiss no other, and is governed by the opposition girls, according to the established principle that the sex always govern. Kissing is a conjoining conjunction, as it connects lips both expressed and understood, for the one party understands what the other would be at when about to indulge in that most delicious touch of mouths, and express a great deal of pleasure on the part of both parties. It is also proper and still more common. Girls are angelic creatures, as proved by unanimous consent, they are possessive cases, as they possess a perfect right to be kissed, and sometimes in the objective, as they have been known to object to the act. But from

personal experience, I am inclined to believe that the girls are seldom found in that case as snow in mid summer, and are governed by the rule, woman must agree to the gender to which they belong in cases of desperation, called matrimony.

If half the time spent in preaching against heresies in doctrine, were spent preaching against heresies in practice, the world would be saved a large amount of bad logic and manners.

The best way to please every body is to mind your own business and let that of your neighbors alone.

CHINESE DANDY.—"His dress is composed of crapes and silks of great price: his feet are covered with highheeled boots of the most beautiful Nankin satin, and his legs are encased in gaiters, richly embroidered and reaching to the knee. Add to this an acorn-shaped cap of the latest taste, an elegant pipe richly ornamented, in which burns the purest tobacco of the Fooking, an English watch, a toothpick suspended to a button by a string of pearls; a Nankin fan, exhaling the perfume of the tcholan, a Chinese flower, and you will have an exact idea of a fashionable Chinese. The Chinese dandy, like dandies of all times and of all countries, is seriously occupied with trifles. He belongs either to the Quail Club or the Cricket Club. Like the ancient Romans, the Chinese trade in quails, quarrelsome birds, intrepid duellists, whose combats form the subject of senseless wagers. In imitation of the rich, the poor Chinese place at the bottom of an earthen basin, two field crickets. These insects they exercise and provoke until they grow angry, attack each other, and the narrow field of battle is soon strewn with their claws, antennae, and corslets. There is between the Chinese and the old Romans all the difference that there is between the combats of the crickets, and the terrible combats of the gladiators."

Progress of Civilization.—We yesterday, for the first time, had an application from one of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, to become a subscriber to our paper, and we are happy to state that he had not advanced so far in modern refinement as to become a patron without paying. He paid in advance, and in this respect might be imitated by those claiming higher refinement and civilization. This Indian, Joseph Polis, is quite intelligent, and the reason he gave for wishing to read our paper is well worthy attention. He remarked that he wanted to learn, and he thought that reading short talks, such as are put in a paper, was the best way.—Bangor (Me) Whig.

A ROARING ORATOR.—"Mr. President, I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time that was more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions whereby republics is hurled into antarctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes—but, sir, we can tell him, indefatigably, that the consequences therefrom, multiplied subteraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflagrate a marble statue into ice. That's what I told him!"—Exchange paper.

A NEW CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—A woman being troubled with a husband good in other respects, but a sad tippler who would go out and get drunk for days together, placed blisters on the soles of his feet while he was asleep, which prevented him from leaving his bed for a week, and gave such a salutary lesson that he signed the pledge as soon as he was able to get about.

LATE FROM HAYTI.—We learn by the Gardner, H. Wright, from Port au Prince, says the New York Herald, that when she sailed a fleet of fourteen or fifteen French vessels of war were lying in that harbor awaiting the payment of the indemnity due France. Such a large fleet indicated a determination to compel payment should the black philosophers at Hayti refuse to pay over the specie quietly without grum, blung.